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The Lone Ranger

52 pages ALL COMICS!



THE TARAHUMARAS OF MEXICO'S NORTHERN MOUNTAINS

FREELY TRANSLATED, THE TITLE OF THIS INDIAN TRIBE MEANS "FOOT RUNNER" OVER TERRAIN AND DISTANCES THAT WOULD KILL A HORSE, AT ALTITUDES WHERE MOST OF US COULD HARDLY BREATHE, THESE INDIANS DISPLAY ASTOUNDING ENDURANCE AS PORTERS, COURIERS OR RUNNING FOR PLEASURE.



THEY OFTEN HUNT DEER WITH BOW AND ARROW, BUT MUCH PREFER RUNNING THEM DOWN ON FOOT.

ONE NATIVE CARRIED THE MAIL REGULARLY EACH WEEK FROM CHIHUAHUA CITY TO BATO PILAS AND RETURN, A ROUND TRIP OF 300 MILES, PAUSING IN EACH TOWN TO REST JUST ONE DAY.



THEIR FAVORITE SPORT IS PUSH-BALL. THEY PUSH A WOODEN BALL OVER A TWELVE-MILE COURSE, AND THE GAME SOMETIMES LASTS SEVERAL DAYS.



SOME HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO RUN AS MUCH AS 170 MILES WITHOUT A STOP.

OTHERS HAVE CARRIED HUNDRED-POUND PACKS OVER THE MOUNTAIN PASSES FOR SEVERAL DAYS, AVERAGE MORE THAN TWENTY MILES A DAY.

ALTHOUGH THEIR CULTURE IS EXCEEDINGLY PRIMITIVE, THEY HAVE DEVELOPED ONE REMARKABLE SKILL, THAT OF CARRYING VIOLINS BY USING ONLY A SMALL KNIFE.



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The Lone Ranger

AND THE HORSE THIEVES

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WE'VE GOT PROOF ENOUGH
TO HANG YOU.

YOU TELL
PLENTY BIG
LIE!



YOU NEVER OWN
PAINT HORSE!
YOU NOT FIND SPURS IN
SADDLEBAG!



IF YOU WON'T TALK, WE'LL
STRING YOU UP RIGHT HERE!
FIX THAT ROPE ON HIM,
BOYS.



YOU'LL SEE THAT WE DO
TO HORSE THIEVES AROUND HERE.



WE NOT
HORSE
THIEF!

WE'VE SEEN EVIDENCE
TO PROVE. YOU'RE
THE MAN WE WANT!



BREAK THAT
UP!

A MASKED
MAN!

YOU
COME!



I'LL FIX THAT MASKED
MAN!



CLICK!



GRAB THAT
MASKED
MAN!

HE'S THE INDIAN'S
ACCOMPLICE!

YOW-B!





IF I CAN JUST HAVE A CHANCE
TO TALK TO THE SHERIFF --



GET 'EM UP!
YOU'RE COVERED!



SO - YOU
WERE AWAKE,
EH, SHERIFF?



AWAKE AM, READY!
AND I KNOW WHO
YOU ARE! YOU'RE
THE PAL OF THE
INDIAN
HORSE THIEF!

I HEARD ALL ABOUT THE WAY YOU
HELPED HIM ESCAPE!



SHERIFF, I
CAME TO TALK
TO YOU --



YOU'LL TALK PLENTY! YOU'LL TELL
WHERE YOUR INDIAN PAL IS
HIDING! BUT, FIRST, DO WHAT
I SAY OR I'LL START
SHOOTING!



TOMTOM IS NOT A HORSE
THIEF. HE WAS
FRAMED!



LIGHT
THAT
LAMP!



IF YOU WON'T
LISTEN TO
REASON --



I'LL LISTEN
WHEN YOU'RE
DISARMED, UN-
MASKED, AND
BEHIND
BARS!

GET THAT LAMP LIGHTED, THEN I'LL
HAVE YOUR GUNS AND MASK --

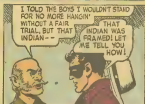


WHY, YOU!

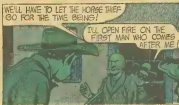


I'LL GET YOU!









HE TOLD A MIGHTY STRAIGHT STORY ABOUT THE HORSE STEALING. SOMEHOW I FEEL HE CAN FIND THE THIEF.



MATTER OF FACT, HE'S GOT TO FIND THE REAL THIEF—TO SAVE HIS OWN NECK AN' THE NECK OF HIS NODDIN' FRIEND!



IN WATCHING THE BACK TRAIL, THE LONE RANGER DOESN'T SEE A LOW BRANCH.

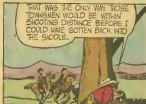
WE'LL SOON LOSE THOSE MEN IN THIS WOODS!



GO ON, SILVER! KEEP GOING, BOY! GO TO TOWN!



THAT WAS THE ONLY WAY THOSE TOWNSMEN WOULD BE WITHIN SHOOTING DISTANCE BEFORE I COULD HAVE GOTTEN BACK INTO THE SADDLE.



I THINK WE'RE GAIN' ON THAT WHITE HORSE!

THEY DON'T KNOW I'VE BEEN KNOCKED OUT OF THE SADDLE!



THAT LOW BRANCH! IT NEARLY BROKE MY NECK!



LOOK AHEAD, BOYS! THERE'S A CAMP!

MUST BE THE MASKED MAN!

BUT WHERE IS HE? THAT HORSE IS WITHOUT A RIDER!

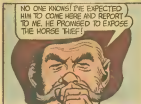












GREAT SCOTT! THAT'S THE HORSE
WE WERE CHASIN'! I'VE GOT TO
GET THE OTHER MEN.



NEARLY READY, SILVER. THEN WE'LL
SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT
EXPOSING THE HORSE
THIEF!



HE'S WEARIN' A MUSTACHE
INSTEAD OF HIS MASK. I'LL CAPTURE
HIM, AND THEN THE SHERIFF'LL HAVE
BOTH OF THE HORSE THIEVES!



ALL RIGHT, MISTER! GET 'EM
UP!



NO FUNNY STUFF NOW, I
SAID GET 'EM UP!



I SAW YOU STANDIN' BY YOUR
HORSE, FIXIN' UP A DISGUISE.
STAND BACK!



I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! I SAW YOU
RIGGIN' THAT DISGUISE, EVEN
THOUGH YOUR BACK WAS TURNED.
YOU'RE THE PAL OF THAT NOVIN
HORSE THIEF!



--AND THIS PROVES IT!

















The Lone Ranger

AND THE GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS



THOSE FELLER COME OUT OF CAVE IN HILL.

THAT CAVE MIGHT BEAR LOOKING INTO.



WE'LL STAY HERE TILL WE KNOW THAT THE BLAST DESTROYED ALL THE EQUIPMENT.

HEY, NECK, LOOK! TWO HORSEMEN HAVE STOPPED AT THE CAVE!



FELLER WHO LEAVE CAVE STOP IN VALLEY.

WE'LL SEE WHAT'S IN THIS CAVE BEFORE WE GO ON.



TONTO, THIS TUNNEL LEADS TO SOME KIND OF CAVERN. A WELL-LIGHTED ONE.



A PRINTING PRESS! MAYBE THIS IS WHERE THE COUNTERFEITERS WORK!



LOOK! BLASTING POWDER!

A LIGHTED FUSE!



DOWN, TONTO! HUG THE FLOOR!



THERE SHE GOES, BOYS!

THAT ENDS OUR COUNTERFEITIN!







THE ONE WAS NEAR THE HILTOP THE CEILING WAS VERY THIN. THE EXPLOSION BLEW IT OUT. MOST OF THE FORCE WENT UP! THAT'S WHY WE'RE STILL ALIVE.



TONTO! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



WHAT HAPPENED TO HORSES WE LEAVE AT MOUTH OF CAVE?

GREAT SCOTT! FOR A MOMENT I FORGOT ABOUT SCOUT AND SILVER!



EXPLOSION THAT BLOW ROOF OFF CAVE START-UM LANDSLIDE! TUNNEL ENTRANCE ALL CLOSED.



AND THAT'S RIGHT WHERE SCOUT AND SILVER STOOD!

WE NOT SEE SIGN OF SCOUT AND SILVER.



OUR HORSES ARE GONE TONTO!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN BURIED IN THE LANDSLIDE THAT WAS STARTED BY THE EXPLOSION IN THE CAVE!



HORSES GONE! THAT TOO HIGH PRICE TO PAY FOR FINDING HIDEOUT OF COUNTERFEITER'S GANG!



WHAT HAPPEN TO YOU?



WH-WHAT HAPPENED, TONTO?



WE CAME OUT OF COUNTERFEITER HIDE-OUT, FIND HORSES GONE. THEN YOU FALL TO GROUND UNCONSCIOUS!

PLENTY BAD BUMP.
MAYBE FRACTURED
SKULL.

AND
OUR
HORSES
ARE
GONE!

WELL, NECK, DID YOU CARRY
OUT MY ORDERS?

WE SURE DID, BANKER BRENT.
WE BLEW UP THE CAVE AND
DESTROYED ALL EVIDENCE
OF COUNTERFEITING!

TO AVERT SUSPICION, I HAD TO SEND
FOR THE LONE RANGER TO LOCATE THE
COUNTERFEITERS, BUT I COULDN'T
TAKE A CHANCE ON WHAT HE
MIGHT FIND WHEN HE
GOT HERE.

DON'T WORRY--

--THE LONE RANGER AND
HIS INDIAN PAL WERE IN
THE CAVE WHEN THE
BLAST WENT OFF.
THEY'RE BOTH DEAD!

YOU MEAN TO SAY
YOU'VE KILLED THE
LONE RANGER
AND TONTO?

THAT'S
RIGHT, M.R.
BRENT.

WE BROUGHT THE
HORSES OF THE
LONE RANGER
AND TONTO
INTO TOWN.

GOOD! NOW
GO BACK
AND BRING
IN THE
BODIES!

WE SEE FELLER
COME THIS WAY!
NOW THINGS GET
PLENTY WORSE!

FELLER, COME UP HILL--
FIND US HERE!

AND THEY'LL FIND THE EVIDENCE
OF COUNTERFEITING IN THE RUINS
OF THE CAVE.

DISMOUNT, BOYS, AND FIND THE
BODIES OF THAT LONE RANGER
AND HIS INDIAN PAL.





MAYBE CROOKS THINK TWO MEN RUN AWAY INSTEAD OF ONLY ONE



THEY GOT AWAY, NECK!

THEY'VE GOT NO HORSES. WE'LL OVERTAKE 'EM BEFORE THEY REACH TOWN.

TONTO'S TRICK WORKED! THEY THINK WE RAN AWAY!



I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW THAT RANCHED MAN AND INDIAN SURVIVED THE EXPLOSION!

THEIR HORSES WERE MIGHTY LUCKY, TOO!

WE'LL GET OUR HORSES AND OVERTAKE 'EM BEFORE THEY CAN REACH TOWN!



COUNTERFEITERS. GO WAY. NOW WE GO BACK TO LONE RANGER!



YOU ALL RIGHT?

TONTO, WAIT TILL YOU HEAR WHAT I'VE LEARNED!



NECK AND THE OTHER CROOKS STOPPED RIGHT BESIDE THESE ROCKS. I LEARNED THAT SCOUT AND SILVER ARE NOT DEAD!



THEY WERE TAKEN TO TOWN. WE'LL GET THEM AS SOON AS WE EXPOSE THE COUNTERFEITERS.

YOU STRONG ENOUGH TO WALK?



I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF WE TAKE IT SLOWLY. BANKER BRENT WILL BE SURPRISED AT WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED!



WE DIDN'T SEE THE LONE RANGER AS WE CAME IN HERE, BANKER BRENT.

DON'T WORRY. HE DOESN'T SUSPECT I'M YOUR BOSS. WHEN HE REPORTS TO ME, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



HEY SHERIFF, COME AN' SEE WHAT'S HEADIN' INTO TOWN!

WHAT IS IT, DEPUTY?



AN INDIAN AN' A MASKED MAN! AN' BOTH LOOK LIKE THEY'RE IN BAD SHAPE!



I'M ALWAYS CURIOUS WHEN I SEE A MASKED MAN.

SHERIFF, I JUST SEE BANKER BRENT.

FIRST YOU'LL GIVE US AN ACCOUNT OF YOUR OWN!



TALK FAST! WHAT'RE YOU DON' IN THIS TOWN?

A LIKELY STORY!

BANKER BRENT SENT FOR US!



COUNTERFEITERS HAVE BEEN OPERATING NEAR HERE. THE BANKER WANTED MY HELP IN FINDING THEM!



YOUR HELP! A MASKED MAN'S HELP! THAT'S GOOD!

SHERIFF, WE DO FIND THEIR HEADQUARTERS! THEN THINGS HAPPENED!



TOMMY AND I FOUND THE CAFE WHERE THEY WORKED WHILE WE WERE THERE. THE CAFE WAS BLOWN UP WITH BLASTING POWDER!



SHERIFF I'VE GOT AN IDEA. I WANT TO SEE THE MASKED MAN'S GUN!



I HEARD THAT BANKER BRENT HAD SENT FOR A CERTAIN HOMBRE TO HELP RUN DOWN THE COUNTERFEITERS.







LEAVE IT TO ME, MR. BRENT. HE WON'T LIVE TO SEE HIS HORSE!



I'LL SET AN AMBUSH FOR HIM. KEEP HIM IN YOUR OFFICE FOR A FEW MINUTES.



I'LL TRY, BUT I CAN'T KEEP HIM LONG. HE WANTS TO GO TO THE STABLE AND GET HIS HORSE.

I'LL GET THE AMBUSH AT THE LIVERY STABLE.



BOYS, THE LONE RANGER KNOWS WE TOOK HIS HORSE TO THE LIVERY STABLE! HE'S GOING THERE TO GET IT. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

IT MEANS WE GOTTA GET THE LONE RANGER!



YOU BOYS GO TO THE BACK OF THE STABLE WHERE THE HORSES ARE. WAIT THERE, AND WHEN YOU SEE HIM, START SHOOTIN'—AND BE SURE YOU GET HIM!

WHAT IF THE SHERIFF OODLES US?



THE LONE RANGER'S MARKED. WE'LL CLAIM HE WAS SHOT AS A HORSE THEE NOW GET GONN!



MUST YOU LEAVE SO SOON?

WE'LL RETURN, MR. BRENT, AS SOON AS WE GET OUR HORSES AND ASK THE LIVERYMAN WHO BROUGHT THEM IN.



WE'LL BE BACK.

I'LL BE WAITING.



NECK'S HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO GET THE AMBUSH READY AT THE STABLE. HE'D BETTER MAKE SURE OF THE LONE RANGER THIS TIME!









LITTLE MAN'S Masquerade



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Five days back on the desert, Little Man had left his dead horse. His mocassins were worn out, but his spirit was not—nor was his anger at the White Soldiers who had set him afoot.

It was not exactly a personal anger. There was war between the White Soldiers and Little Man's people ("THE people" they called themselves, these proud, canyon-dwelling, warlike Navajos). Little Man, acting as scout for his crowd, had fired six arrows at the cavalry troop from ambush, and then fled—to draw the Whites off on a useless chase.

The trick had worked. Little Man's friends had escaped, but his horse had been killed. And in his anger the sixteen-year-old Navajo had vowed to steal at least one White Soldier's horse to pay for it!

Thunder rumbled in the distance. A bright fork of lightning ripped the belly of a black cloud. A rainstorm was sweeping over the prairie. It would probably wipe out the plain horse tracks that Little Man had been following. It might slow up his trailing so that he would lose the White Soldiers entirely.

Little Man quickened his stride to

the top of the next rise. Better to wait out the wet misery of the storm on a hilltop than in a flooded flat!

At the top of the rise he stopped, catching his breath in surprise. The next instant he was flat on his stomach behind a sage bush, peering down at THE WHITE SOLDIER'S CAMP!

It was not just an overnight camp, but a well established one, with rows of tents making a "company street." The horses on the picket line, the wagons, the flag atop its staff—all were placed with military order and exactness. But the approaching storm had stirred things up. Men were running here and there, covering baggage, fastening tent flaps, moving wagons to higher ground.

With a roar the raincloud burst. Dust spouted up from the pelting blows of the first big drops. From the earth a heavy, sweetish smell arose. The camp was hidden from Little Man by a gray curtain of rain.

An hour later it was all over. Hotter than ever, the sun popped out from the departing clouds. But it was getting low in the west. Before it had time to dry up all the puddles, darkness would swallow it up.

Little Man watched the camp come to life. At sundown he watched the White Soldiers line up facing their flag, while the bugler played "Evening Colors." Returning to his tent, the Chief of the White Soldiers stumbled and fell flat in a big puddle that he had tried to step around. Little Man laughed silently at that.

He chuckled again as he saw the Captain's "striker" hang his muddled uniform out on a line to dry. And then a daring idea struck him hard. It took his breath away! It was so simple—and yet so dangerous! But Little Man knew that he was going to try it, whatever happened.

Before it was yet quite dark, Little Man began warming his way down the hill. He was covered with mud—so much the color of the ground as to be invisible unless a sharp eye should catch his cautious movement. He crawled from sage bush to sage bush, until he reached the rear of the cook tent. Lifting the canvas wall, he crept inside.

Little Man had eaten nothing since that morning. His nose, sniffing the warm, fragrant odors in the tent's darkness, told him of foods strange to the Navajo. His fingers found cold cooked beans, bacon, biscuits, molasses—and carried them to his mouth. Little Man ate until he could hold no more.

Then, he stole outside again, into the mud, and night.

A light burned and voices grumbled in the Captain's tent. They covered any small sounds that Little Man made. Very quickly, he took the Captain's muddy uniform off the clothesline and put it on—the pants backward!

The hat was an easy fit. The boots were another matter. A size too small, they cramped Little Man's toes cruelly. But he got them on. The boots were necessary . . . and a Navajo at sixteen has learned to ignore pain.

With a clever imitation of the Captain's strut, Little Man moved toward the picket line. Everything had been child's play up to this point. Now would come the big test, the real danger.

IN THE DARKNESS COULD HE FOOL THE HORSE GUARD?

The sentry's form bulked black in the starlight. Already he had spotted Little Man's approach.

"Who goes—?" his challenge broke off, as he recognized the outline of his commanding officer's hat—the familiar, stiff gait. "Oh, the Captain!" he exclaimed, saluting smartly.

Little Man was ready for this. He had noted the Captain's hoarse cough after he fell into the mud puddle that afternoon. Evidently the officer had a hard cold.

Little Man raised one hand to his mouth. With his other arm he imitated





exactly the Captain's stiff gesture of command.

"Horr-RUMPH!" he grunted in a voice of muffled authority. "Umroh umph orr-round!"

Little Man was a born mimic. His copy of the officer's tone was perfect. His pointing arm gave clear meaning to his wordless grunts.

"Uh—the Captain wants me to report to the sergeant at once!" gasped the surprised sentry.

"Ah-HUNK!" laughed Little Man.

"Yes, sir! Immediately, sir!" the trooper replied, saluting again. Turning on his heel, he squish-squished away through the mud.

Little Man worked fast. In a matter of seconds he had freed ten of the troop horses—not one of them a horse to suit his critical taste. But the more horses he could turn loose the better. . .

Suddenly his eye caught the toss of a high, clean-cut head against the starlight. Hoh! THAT was the horse for him!

In two breaths he had reached the side of a tall bay stallion—doubtless the White Chief's own mount. But the Indian scent and the silent, shadowy figure "spooked" the bay. Little Man dodged a kick, propped the mare on the "White Man's side" (the left) and swung up.

Shouts of alarm broke out. The

Captain's voice barked hoarsely. The surprised men were running toward the picket line.

Little Man pressed the sleek neck beneath his hand. The stallion whirled, following the stampeding loose horses. Little Man lay flat on his back as a bullet sang close. Then he was clean away, out of sight in the enveloping darkness.

"EEEEEE-yah-yah-yah-yah-yoh!" the boy's taunting war whoop rang out across the prairie. Thin and clear, a bugle call cut through the thunder of galloping hoofs. Never guessing that a single daring youngster had raided their picket line, the troopers were preparing for an attack!

Little Man laughed and whooped again for the very joy of living. He had done it! He had accomplished the impossible. He had struck hard at the White Chief's pride. He had humbled the White Soldiers. YAW-TAY!

Yes, it would be very good to ride home in triumph as a great warrior with the White Chief's muddy clothes in a bundle and the Chief's own thoroughbred mount between his knees. What a story to tell at the warrior's council fire! What a brag he could make when he next met pretty Bah Chee, the daughter of Walking Man, under the peach trees of their home canyon! YAW-TAY!

Young Hawk

ESCAPING FROM THE CAUTIONS OF THE CAVE Dwellers, Young Hawk, Little Buck and North Arrow see the following day already stretching out before them.



YOUNG HAWK, DO NOT THINK WE SHALL FIND MEAT SOON IF ONLY A LITTLE CORNMEAL IS LEFT IN MY BASK.

WE SHALL FIND GAME, WHITE TAWN--MY BASKET IS GOOD--WHEEDONE IS STRONG.



A FEW HOURS LATER



LITTLE BUCK'S MEDICINE IS GOOD, TOO--HE GOT HIS BIRD.

I WILL BUCK AND COOK THEM NOW--IT IS TIME TO CAMP.

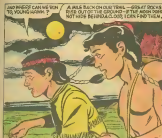


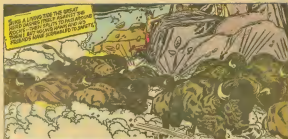
HOW MANY BIRDS MUST WE HAVE BEFORE WE COME TO THE LOOKER OF YOUR PEOPLE, YOUNG HAWK?

I DO NOT KNOW, WHITE TAWN. WE MUST TRAVEL FAST UNTIL WE SEE THE BIRDS SHAPED LIKE ANGELS BELONGING TO THE HAWKS.

**FULL STOMACHS AND HEALTHY RESEMBERS AWAKEN
SLEPT QUICKLY TO THE MOANS OF TRAVELERS.**







SAVES A LIVING THING THE GREAT
WIND DASHES THEM! SCATTER! THE
ROCKS - THEN RAYS TO FILL AROUND
TOWER! BUT WOULD BRASH AND NO
FIGHTING MAN! SCRAMBLING TO SAFETY!



OH SEE! STILL THEY COME, LIKE
A WIND WHEN RIVER - AS IF THEY
WOULD FILL THE CANYON AND
COVER THE MOUNTAINS!

IT IS TERRIBLE,
AND HORRIBLE,
WANTS BURN.



THE STRANGER IS THINKING OUT NOW!
IT WILL BURN IN THE NIGHT.

AND SO WILL THE
NIGHT - THEN IN
LIGHT IN THE DAY.



COME ON DOWN NOW... THERE'S FEWER
NEAR SLACK FOR THE TRAILING.
BERNARD LIVES, AND
TOMMY AND CLAY.



SUPPOSING THE MY FRIENDS
SEE OUR MARK, YOUNG MEN?

THIS MARK IS TOO LITTLE
AND NO ONE LOOKS FOR
MARK IN THE TRAIL OR A
STRANGE - BUT I COULD
ENOUGH MEAT FOR THESE DAYS AHEAD.



SLAMMING WITH HIS HEAD TWO-TWO AGAIN, THE LEAD GOY COVERS HER CALL—AND LEADS HER HEAD EXPOSED—

A QUICK SHOT OF POWERS FOR JUNG



--AND THE COME ARE FLEE-- BUT VENGANCE IS BRITISH STILL!



THE THIRD GOY KILLER FLEES-- BUT NOT ANY MORE.



THREE WOLF MOVE! WE CAN USE THEM WHEN THE NIGHTS GET COLD, LITTLE BUCK.

USE! THE WOLF LIGHTER, THEN BUT OLD MOON--AND WE LOST OUR ELEMENTS (LITTLE STAMPEDE).





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We've got to be on our way... we must tell all our friends about these wonderful new gifts!



Read this
exciting news
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Splendid membership emblem and attractive membership certificate **GIVEN AWAY** with every subscription to
The Lone Ranger Comics

Look! Yes, you, will get the beautiful emblem—if you subscribe to **THE LONE RANGER** in 1955. You can have yours now! It's the greatest thing to wear on your shirt sleeve.

for BOYS



I think this real heart emblem is really a gorgeous idea. It's beautifully made of fine felt. You can wear it in a jiffy on your blouse, just the way I did it.

for GIRLS



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